

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## THE SILENT JOKERS

By  
STUART  
MARTIN

THEY were sailing line-ahead and the ship that was giving trouble to the leader was called to order for the zig-zag course she was steering. Apology seemed necessary, but the signalman solemnly flagged out the reply of his commander: "Regret my quartermaster has swallowed a snake."

It happened on the western ocean, but the Silent Service gets its own back now and then by its signals.

There was the case of a naval ship that took the wrong turning at a manoeuvre. Slap went the signal to inquire. The deflecting destroyer began to flash back, and the signalman read out: "Have turned to investigate floating wreckage."

A minute passed, then the destroyer flashed: "Object was dead whale. Am now regaining station."

Captain D. shrugged his shoulders and gave his reply. "Signal 'Poor Fish.'"

On the China Station a warship picked up this message from a sailing ship: "Do you can say?" It was spelled out in slow Morse. The warship, nothing daunted, flashed back, "Yes. Can you?" In the gathering gloom of night, the sailer continued for a time, then began a slow signal again, as it turned aside and made off. "Dam poor British laughter. No?" And that was the last she signalled before vanishing. Who she was remained a mystery.

In the North Sea a war vessel ran up the signal that her mine-sweeping gear had been fouled. Then came the signal that it was a shark.

Captain D. replied, "Many would believe you."

Back came the reply, "You will. Look at masthead."

And the shark was hauled up and displayed in proof.

"Sorry," went the Captain's semaphore arms.

"What for?" demanded the other pertly.

"Delay," was the reply.

And here is one that can hardly be believed, but it happened. On a dark night two green lights were seen approaching. The commander of the war vessel leaped and yelled through his megaphone, "Who the hell are you, showing two greens?"

From the stranger, a small coaster, came the reply in unmistakable tongue of Erin.

"Sure, this is St. Patrick's Day, and we're honouring the saint. Who are you, anyway?"

We can't print the answer to that one.

## EDUCATION MADE EASY

Origin of phrase "scurvy knaves."—When Captain James Cook, the famous explorer, returned from his first voyage to the South Seas in 1771, the then First Sea Lord inspected the ship. His comment was, "What a lot of scurvy knaves." To which Captain Cook, with great presence of mind, replied, "The answer, my lord, is a lemon. Or, preferably, plenty of lemons."

Mutiny on the "Bounty."—The trouble arose through the alleged harshness of the treatment of the crew by Lieut. William Bligh, the commander. Fletcher Christian was one of the most prominent mutineers. At the subsequent enquiry, Christian stated that he had been worked day and night. Bligh, in reply to a specific allegation, denied that he made Christian do excessive overtime. "In this incident," said Bligh, "I was thinking of my

boyhood days. And of a favourite hymn which I was humming. The hymn was, 'Christian, seek not yet repose.' Christian took it as instructions to go on working. That was never in my mind." The career of "Campbell of the Brains Trust."—He is, of course, the man who has been everywhere. Actually—and it has never been denied—he has had several careers, which would, if true, help to explain his versatility. As Sir Colin

Campbell (later Lord Clive), he fought in the Peninsular Wars, the Crimea, and the Indian Mutiny. As head of the Campbell clan he was chiefly responsible for the Massacre of Glencoe. As John Campbell Campbell he became in 1859 Lord Chancellor of England. As Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman he was Prime Minister; and as Gordon C., played a big part in the last war with "mystery" ships. He also wrote "The Campbells are coming."

Arranged by  
ODO DREW

The Sports-mike moves back to record

# DEAD-HEAT DERBY, 1884

John Nelson, our Sports Reporter, is taking his retrospective microphone over to Epsom and back to the year 1884 to report the thrilling finish to the Derby of that year

WELL, here we are at Epsom, and very soon I hope to give you an eye-witness account of the Derby, being run in a few minutes.

A bitterly cold easterly wind is blowing across the hare-brown course, sending spiralling clouds of dust across the Downs, in deep contrast to the scorching weather we have been enjoying lately.

The course is thronged, as usual, with caterers for both entertainment and the comfort of the "inner man." Looking over my shoulder, I can see dense crowds walking up from Epsom Town . . . coaches and drags making a valiant effort to force a passage through the throngs.

I HEAR there was not one solitary under-cover seat to be had even an hour ago—some people are certainly going to be disappointed.

Way over in the centre of the Downs stand row upon row of horses . . . animals who have dragged every class of load to the meeting and are now enjoying a well-earned rest.

Wonder how they feel after maybe a ten-mile pull with full load, when they see their own cargo, plus thousands of others, turn their backs on them to watch fifteen pampered race-horses run a mile and a half with hardly any load. I'd like to hear their conversation, anyway.

### Private View

Many parties are using their drags as private stands . . . Merriment is none the less because the sky looks as though May has swapped a day with November.

Steam whistles of merry-go-rounds . . . cries of fruit sellers . . . persuasive patter of fortune-tellers . . . raucous voices of betting men . . . I'll open my window while you listen to the sounds which mean Epsom on Derby Day.

My sympathy goes out to the sarsaparilla man just below my box. Anticipating a hot day, he has plastered inviting "Cool Drink" slogans all over his cart—now he is doing his best to make his commodity sound as beneficial as piping-hot coffee.

Some people seem to find the cold exhilarating. I can see two women revelling in a most unladylike fight . . . if they keep on as they are, neither will be left with even a shirt (or female equivalent) to lay on the winner.

A gentleman, with coat carefully buttoned, has had it more carefully unbuttoned and his gold watch removed. Lucky for him the thief has been immediately arrested by an observant detective, watch returned, and thief installed in cell. Have just heard that the innocence-protesting-time-stealer has stripped himself in the cell and is being unusually awkward—maybe that's what he calls making a clean breast of it. What a cosmopolitan crowd we do get!

### Come the Nobility

The last "special" train to be run by the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway has just steamed in. I understand the ex-Khédive expressed a wish to travel with Gen. Sir Seymour Fitzgerald and party to what Lord Viscount Palmerston chooses to call "these Isthmian Games" . . . the party, by the way, includes the Duke of Portland, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, the Duke of St. Albans, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and many turf celebrities.

Although the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales is missed, the Grand Stand has never been so crowded . . . Tattenham Corner is a black mass.

Early arrivals at the course saw Harvester exercise. He is wearing new bandages, and shows no trace of his recent accident. Hopeful Dutchman is not the worst of the very ordinary field. Critics for the most part think St. Gatten somewhat narrow, but are bound to admire his splendid condition.

They are now cantering past on their way to the starting gate, weighing-out and saddling process having gone off without delay.

Queen Adelaide towers over everything on account of size. Richmond apparently has been saddled outside the paddock and is not in the parade. I see Condor, followed by St. Gatten, Borneo, Beauchamp, Waterford, Brest, Woodstock . . . Woodstock's jockey, incidentally, wearing a yellow belt to distinguish from Mr. Rothschild's other entrant, Talisman . . . then come Loch Ranza, Bedouin, Hopeful Dutchman, . . . I see Harvester is carrying Sir T. Willoughby's second colours, white jacket with yellow sleeves, to distinguish him from Queen Adelaide, who brings up the rear with St. Medard.

They'll soon be at the starting-gate, judging by the quietness which has come over the crowd—a second or two will see the start of the race.

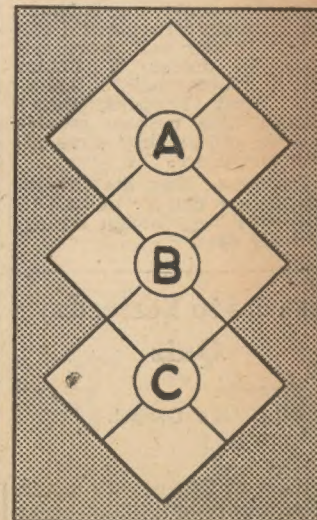
### Fighting for Lead

Good heavens!—they're off! What a quick get-away—all seem to be off the mark at the same time, but actually I notice Bedouin is first to break the line . . . Richmond and St. Gatten next. Richmond has taken the lead—what a smart piece of work!—but St. Gatten, Bedouin and Beauchamp are close on his heels, with Woodstock and Borneo coming next, slightly in advance of Loch Ranza, Talisman and Brest. They're coming up to the quarter-mile post—little change in the position of the horses, though I see Woodstock has raced to the front, putting Richmond in second place, Bedouin having lost his lead and taking third. Richmond, through superb jockeyship, has again taken the lead from Woodstock, attended by St. Gatten and Brest. . . . Hopeful Dutchman, I notice, has dropped back to last. Richmond is still holding his lead, striding along beautifully to the top of the hill, in advance of Borneo, Waterford and St. Gatten.

They are now descending the hill—Borneo's jockey has manoeuvred to the outside . . . passed Richmond and St. Gatten, with Waterford and Loch Ranza taking third and fourth place, but Loch Ranza is rapidly gaining ground. He's closing with Borneo, and, as they are entering the straight, actually passes the leader . . . at the same time Queen Ade-

Continued on Page 3.

### NIMBLE NUMBERS



The numbers 1 to 10 are to be distributed in the blank spaces of the puzzle so that each of the large squares, A, B and C, interlocking, will total 20. Do you know the numbers?



Periscope  
Page

## NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS QUIZ

for today

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

WHEN I rose I saw Captain Nemo and his second on the platform. They were examining the situation of the vessel, and talking in their incomprehensible dialect.

Two miles on the starboard appeared the Island of Gilboa; like an immense arm towards the S. and E. some heads of coral rocks were jutting, which the ebb tide left uncovered. We had run aground, and in one of the seas where the tides are very slight, an unfortunate circumstance in the floating of the *Nautilus*; however, the vessel had in no wise suffered, its keel was so solidly joined; but although it could neither sink nor split, it ran the risk of being forever fastened on to these reefs.

I was reflecting thus when the captain, cool and calm, always master of himself, neither vexed nor moved, came up.

"An accident?" I asked.  
"No, an incident," he answered.  
"But an incident," I replied, "which will perhaps again force you to become an inhabitant of the land from which you flee."

I do not see how it can be floated again."

"Tides are not strong in the Pacific—you are right, professor," answered Captain Nemo; "but in Torres Straits there is a difference of five feet between the level of high and low tide. To-day is the fourth of January, and in five days the moon will be at the full. Now I shall be very much astonished if this complaisant satellite does not sufficiently raise these masses of water, and render me a service which I wish to owe to her alone."

This said, Captain Nemo, followed by his second, went down again into the interior of the *Nautilus*. The vessel remained as immovable as if the coral polypi had already walled it up in their indestructible cement.

"Well, sir?" said Ned Land, who came to me after the departure of the captain.

"Well, friend Ned, we must wait patiently for high tide on the ninth. It appears that the moon will be kind enough to set us afloat again."

"And this captain is not going to weigh anchor, to set his machine to work, or to do anything to get the vessel off?"

"Since the tide will suffice," answered Conseil simply.

The Canadian looked at Conseil, then shrugged his shoulders. It was the seaman who spoke in him.

"Sir," he replied, "you may believe me when I tell you that this piece of iron will never be navigated again, either on or under the seas. It is only fit to be sold by weight. I think, then, that the moment is come to part company with Captain Nemo."

"Friend Ned," I answered, "I do not despair, like you, of this valiant *Nautilus*, and in four days we shall know what to think of these tides on the Pacific. Besides, the advice to fly might be opportune if we were in sight of the coasts of England or Provence, but in the Papuan regions it is another thing."

"But still we might have a taste of land," replied Ned Land. "There is an island; on that island there are trees; under those trees are terrestrial animals, bearers of outlets and roast beef, which I should like to be able to taste."

"There friend Ned is right," said Conseil, "and I am of his opinion. Could not monsieur obtain from his friend Captain Nemo the permission to be transported to land?"

To my great surprise, Captain Nemo gave the permission I asked for, and he gave it me very courteously, without even exacting from me a promise to come back on board. But a flight across New Guinea would have been very perilous, and I should not have advised Ned Land to attempt it. It was better to be a prisoner on board the *Nautilus* than to fall into the hands of the natives of Papua.

The longboat was put at our disposal the next morning. At eight o'clock, armed with

guns and hatchets, we descended the sides of the *Nautilus*. The sea was pretty calm. A slight breeze was blowing from land. Conseil and I rowed vigorously, and Ned steered in the narrow passages between the breakers. The boat was easily managed and fled along rapidly.



Ned Land could not contain his joy. He was a prisoner escaped from prison, and did not think of the necessity of going back to it again.

"Meat!" he repeated. "We are going to eat meat! I don't say that fish is not a good thing, but you can have too much of it, and a piece of fresh venison, grilled over burning coals, would be an agreeable variation to our ordinary fare."

"Gourmand!" said Conseil. "He makes the water come into my mouth!"

"You do not know yet," I said, "if there is any game in these forests, or if the game will not hunt the hunter himself."

"Never fear, M. Aronnax," answered the Canadian; "row along; I only ask twenty-five minutes to offer you a dish of my sort."

The boat ran softly aground on a strand of sand, after having happily

1. Where is Wookey Hole?
2. What King granted a Charter for Drury Lane Theatre?
3. Who wrote "Autumn Crocus"?
4. Who received thirty pieces of silver?
5. In what novel does Sydney Carton appear?
6. And who wrote it?
7. Who made famous the lament over Absalom?
8. Translate "Ave atque vale."
9. Who was called "The Swan of Avon"?
10. Which way do the feet of the German swastika turn—left or right?
11. From what is isinglass obtained?
12. What does the medical suffix "itis" stand for?

Answers in No. 19.

cleared the coral reef which surrounds the Island of Gilboa.

Touching land again made a great impression on me. Ned Land struck the ground with his foot as if to take possession of it. Yet we had only been, according to Captain Nemo's expression, the "passengers of the *Nautilus*" for two months.

(Continued in No. 19)



Give it a name Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

## Take a Tip—with Captain Cuttle

THIS Sports Quiz gets worse as it goes on. See what you can do with it to-day.

## BILLIARDS.

Question: A player went in off the red, spotted his ball in the "D," then deliberately played into baulk and made a cannon thereby. The referee allowed this. Why? Answer: It is always permissible, when playing from hand, to play into baulk so long as your ball strikes an object ball which is lying out of baulk.

## BOXING.

Question: A boxer was knocked down. The referee counted and got to "eight-nine-ten-Out!" But between the "ten" and the "Out" the boxer was on his feet. Could he carry on? Answer: Sorry. That was a catch. The referee says, "eight-nine-Out!"

Question: Can a man be counted out standing up and not touching the ropes? Answer: It has often happened that a boxer falls out of the ring. The referee should count, and if he is not on his feet inside the ring within ten seconds, he is "out."

## CRICKET.

Question: After heavy rain a batsman hit a tremendous high drive and the ball dropped into a soggy patch (within the boundary) and vanished. How many runs could the batsman run? Answer: They could run all day if the ball were not recovered, unless a fielder shouted "Lost ball." Question: What happens then? Answer: The umpire awards six runs—unless they have already run more.

Question: May the square-leg umpire call a "no-ball"? Answer: Yes, though it's extremely rare.

## Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Genesis.
2. St. John's Gospel.
3. Cassius.
4. Patmos.
5. Last of Bluebeard's wives.
6. A low stool without backs or arms.
7. Oscar Wilde.
8. William's bon chretien.
9. Cambridge name for man who obtains a place in the highest class of the Mathematical Tripos.
10. Nowhere.

## DARTS.

Question: A player needed the double-one. His first dart entered the single-one, but as the scorer went to pull it out it fell on the floor. Was he entitled to throw again? Answer: No. It is presumed the score had been called, and that is the decisive factor.

## Why do we say?

## To eat HUMBLE PIE?

The word humble is a pun on "umple," which are the heart, liver and entrails of the deer, perquisites of the huntsman. When the lord and his household dined, they had the venison pasty, but the umbles were made into a pie for the serving folk.

## FUNNY BONE?

A pun on the word "humerus," the Latin name for the upper bone of the arm.

## To learn by ROTE?

To learn by repetition, by going over the same beaten track or route again and again.

## TIT FOR TAT?

In all probability represents "tip for tap," or blow for blow.

## SANDWICH?

The fourth Earl of Sandwich (1718-92) used to pass whole days in gambling. He used to be supplied with a piece of meat between two pieces of bread, which he could eat without stopping play. Incidentally, he was a famous, or rather infamous, First Lord of the Admiralty, and was known as Jimmy Twitchee.

## KILL BY KINDNESS?

An Athenian legislator, Draco (B.C. 590), came by his death owing to his popularity. He was smothered in the theatre by the number of caps and cloaks showered on him by the spectators.

## ANY IDEAS

for quizzes, jokes, puzzles or sketches? WRITE TO US—ADDRESS ON BACK PAGE.

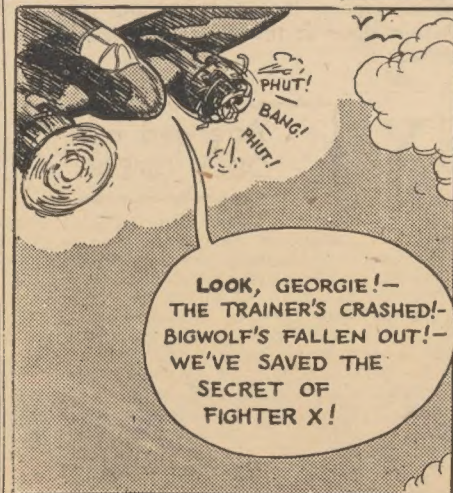
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K	E	S	T	R	E	L
J	A	C	K	D	A	W
V	U	L	T	U	R	E
B	U	Z	Z	A	R	D
S	W	A	L	L	O	W
P	E	A	C	O	C	K

## Solution to Yesterday's Puzzle

carry you amid the marvels of the ocean. Our voyage is only just begun, and I do not wish to deprive myself so soon of the honour of your company."

"But, Captain Nemo," I replied, without noticing the irony of his sentence, "the *Nautilus* ran aground at high tide. Now, tides are not strong in the Pacific, and if you cannot lighten the *Nautilus*

## JANE



## THE GLASS VIOLIN

IMAGINE an orchestra playing on glass instruments! fine, most unusual, silvery, singing side-tone.

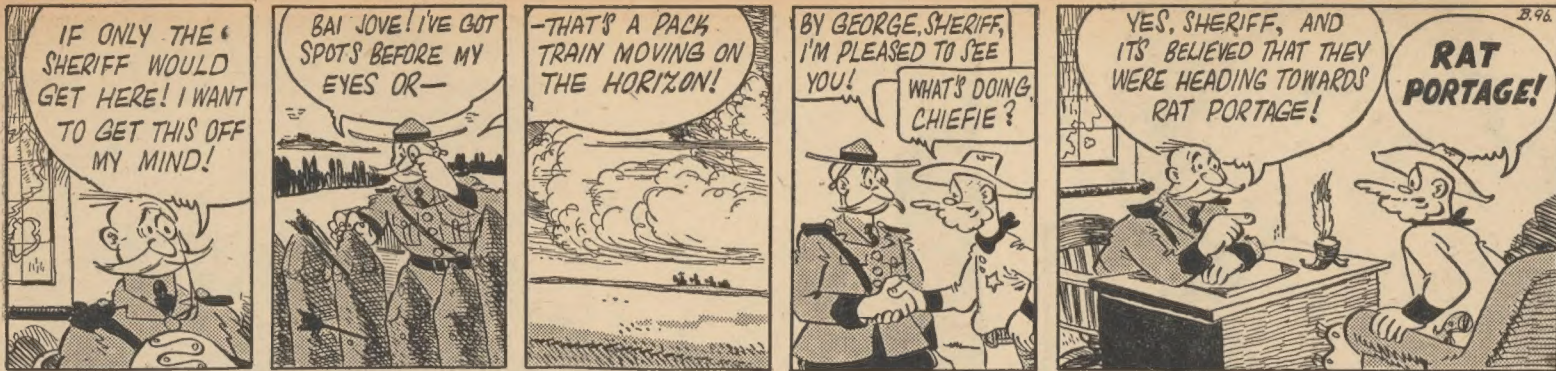
Glass flutes have also been produced and tried out. If to these we add the musical glasses of Victorian days (a series of tuned glasses which gave out the sound when they were rubbed with a wet finger), we already have a small orchestra all made of glass.

The glass violin is made out of an Austrian artificial resin plastic substance, which is a particularly interesting and important new raw material. The artificial glass is elastic, it can be bent, cut, polished, sawn, punched or ground to any required shape. It is lighter than ordinary glass, and, in addition, it is unbreakable. A temperamental violinist could confidently throw his instrument against a wall or hit himself on the head with it—a procedure which would not be very advisable with a noble Stradivarius!

We have not got quite so far as that yet. It is only recently that a few instruments have been made out of artificial glass and have been tested. The glass violin has been played by a musician at Frankfurt, and it had a beautifully soft and full tone, like its famous fellows made out of noble woods, and in addition to all that it has a



Beelzebub Jones



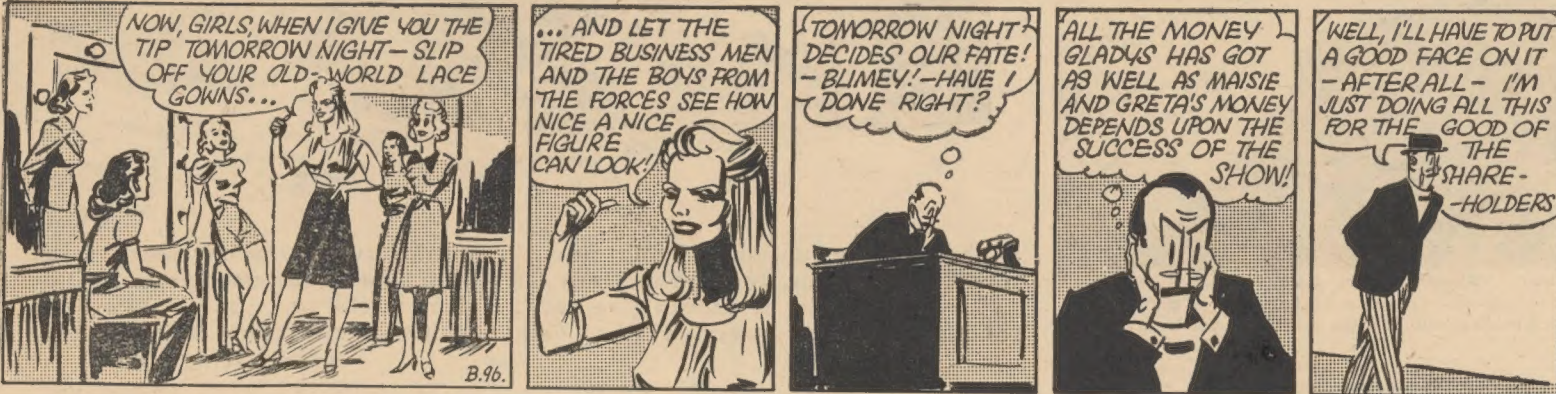
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



DEAD HEAT DERBY, 1884

(Continued from page one)

laide has stolen to fifth place behind St. Gatien and Waterford—Richmond having dropped back.

That burst of Loch Ranza was a magnificent effort, but has cost him too much. He appears to have shot his bolt and left Borneo at the head of affairs, his nearest attendant being St. Gatien, followed by Waterford, Harvester and Queen Adelaide.

**Both Together!**

What a race! Borneo, who looked like beating off his rival, has now dropped back—St. Gatien is in the lead, but is being challenged by Harvester. Harvester is gaining... yards now separate them from the post, and only inches are deciding first and second place... looks as though Harvester is gaining, in spite of St. Gatien's wonderful burst... through my glasses I can just see he's knocking off inches. What a race! The crowds are going frantic—cries of "Harvester"—"St. Gatien"—"end the air."

They appear locked together,

neck-to-neck; they're approaching the post (I don't envy the judge this little problem)... they've passed the post—not a fraction of an inch between them. The crowd are frantic—this is the first dead-heat (if it is one) in the history of the race on this course. (Actually, there was a dead-heat between Cadland and The Colonel in 1828 on the old course.)

It is a dead-heat!... The judges have announced the result of the Derby, May 28, as a dead-heat between Mr. J. Hammond's St. Gatien and Sir J. W. Willoughby's Harvester. St. Gatien, I notice, was 100—8 and Harvester 100—7. Queen Adelaide, third, with Waterford fourth. I'll repeat that—Mr. J. Hammond's St. Gatien and Sir J. W. Willoughby's Harvester—dead heat; Sir J. W. Willoughby's Queen Adelaide third.

The time of the race was 2 mins. 46 1-5 secs.—almost three minutes of excitement, the like of which even a seasoned racegoer like myself has never seen before. A bitterly cold day—but a red-hot finish.

HEARD THIS ONE?

The prison visitor was a rabid teetotaler, on the hunt for cases against drink. So when she approached the first prisoner she asked, "Am I right in presuming that it was your passion for strong drink that brought you to this?"

"I don't think you know this place, mam," was the answer. "It's the last place on earth I'd come to if I was looking for a drink."

Collecting the fares in the black-out, the bus conductor was kept waiting while a woman made sure her pennies were not half-crowns.

"Feel the edges, madam," said the conductor. "You can always tell that way."

She thanked him. Getting out, she pressed a coin into his hand, saying, "That's a tip worth knowing. Get yourself a packet of cigarettes."

The conductor thanked her. When she had gone he felt the edge of the coin. It was a farthing.

It was an hour before dawn, and the night working-party, which had been sandbagging an observation post in No Man's Land had returned.

"Where the 'ell's Simpson, that's what I want to know?" growled the sergeant. "Here, sergeant," came a voice in the darkness.

"Where the devil have you been all night?"

"Carrying sandbags, sergeant," replied Simpson indignantly.

"Carrying sandbags," echoed the sergeant. "Where? You never brought any to us."

"I did," protested Simpson. "I 'anded 'em over to you about two hundred yards out."

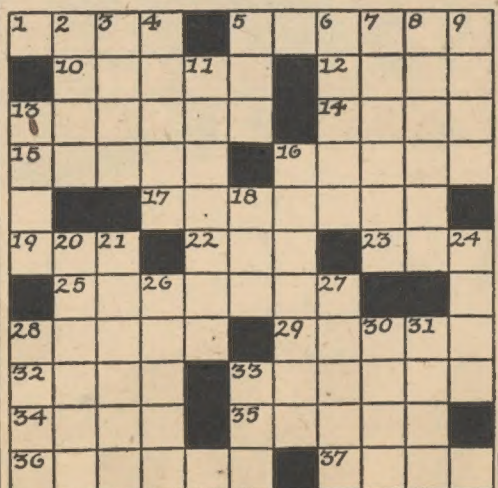
"Two hundred yards out," exclaimed the sergeant. "Why, that's enemy territory."

"Blimey," gasped Simpson. "I thought you was all talkin' funny."

"And what would you do if a German attacked your mother?" asked the sorely tried chairman of the tribunal.

"I'd lay five to two on Mum," replied the unruffled conscientious objector.

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.**
- Wealth.
  - Cavort.
  - Din.
  - Ooze.
  - Song-bird.
  - Halt.
  - Boy's name.
  - Fruit centres.
  - Flat boat.
  - Tennis shot.
  - Ever.
  - Female animal.
  - Fuel carriers.
  - Male deer.
  - Places of duty.
  - Behind hand.
  - Comment.
  - Cooking device.
  - Proverb.
  - Corpulent.
  - Achieves.
- Solution to Yesterday's Problem.**
- AMBIT GRASP  
SOLD SIENNA  
SOULS BEGAN  
ANNEAL LUGS  
MET TOMES Y  
O LIVID B  
F PANEL OUT  
OWLS RETINA  
ROAST SULKS  
MOTION BEET  
SLEEP CARRY

- CLUES DOWN.**
- Girl's name.
  - Protracted.
  - Last.
  - Fondle.
  - Met.
  - Approached.
  - Photographer's necessity.
  - Lengthens.
  - 11 Stories in parts.
  - Faithful.
  - Chirruped.
  - Place for physical exercises.
  - Size of page.
  - 21 Hat.
  - Scented plant.
  - 26 Representative.
  - 27 Wanderer.
  - 28 Spill.
  - 30 Starchy food.
  - 31 Woody plant.
  - 33 Shaft of light.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

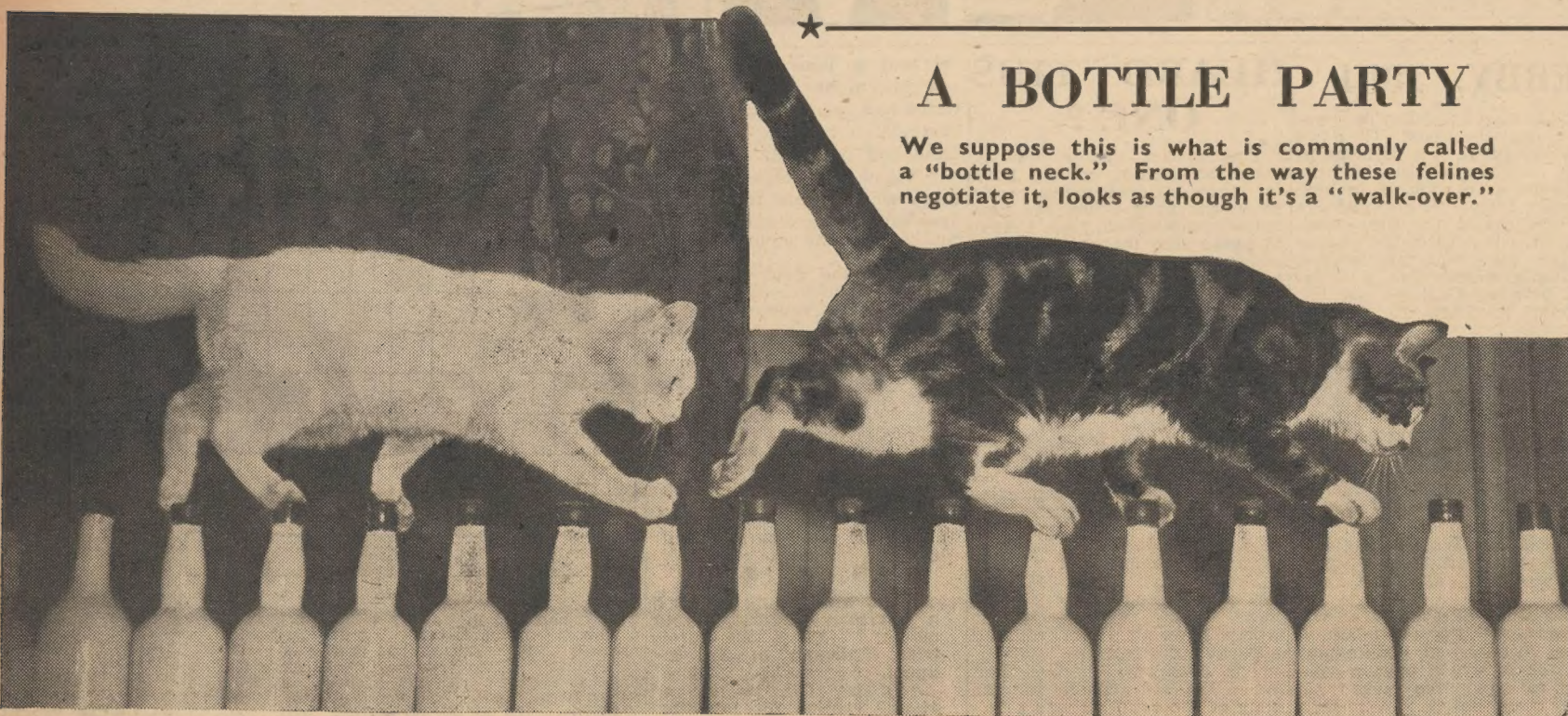


Who says that British girls have no glamour? Sheila Bligh, twenty-four-year-old brunette, certainly hands out that answer to that oft-repeated statement. You'll be seeing her soon in Gainsborough's new production, "Miss London Ltd."

## This England . . .



A chair in the sunlight. Their side of the tall house is rather shady; too much so at times, and the old lady isn't so active as she used to be. Only natural then, that he should give her "a place in the sun," as he always has throughout their married life. At one time she could run up that cobbles street with the best; now, she's almost as happy if she can snatch an hour in the sunshine, with him, and of course, the inseparable cat.



### A BOTTLE PARTY

We suppose this is what is commonly called a "bottle neck." From the way these felines negotiate it, looks as though it's a "walk-over."

#### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"'Ere—wot's the idea?"

